

Liquid

Chip Erikson

dulled, and
dependent upon its
own stickiness; your heart
oozes from your short
sleeves,
flowing, lava like over
your striped working-
shirt, puddling on once
shiny black
shoes, you slip in the mess,
pratfalling for
total strangers,
landing,
solid
on your spine,
numbed feet tell you
you probably won't be
taking a bow any time
soon,
all this happens when she
tells you what she tells you,
and the dull ache is behind
your sternum—

heartache they whisper
behind you,
rooted in the protective
coating of
abstraction;
you're laughing now,
on this pavement, as you
start
hearing their
whispers

eventually
you sit up,
hot liquid
stinging your skin,
and eyes, and
everyone's just *waiting* for you;

later,
while you laugh
in little, tender screeches,
they wait
and you smile,
knowing you'll
never get up